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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Old Time.

BY [illegible].

He comes—Old Time! and his locks are white,
And his course is swift as an eagle's flight,
His cheek is red, though his wan, worn brow
Is wrinkled, and stern: but his form, I trow,
Is as straight, and proud as a youthful form,
When courses the life blood through it warm;
And his eyes they flash and sparkle bright
With a strange, unearthly, spectral light.
He grasps the reins with one shrunk hand,
And tight in the other his magic wand,—
From a touch of which, as he waves it bold,
Earth, sky, and all things else grow old:—
And his car moves on with silent pace,
Yet leaves deep tracks its course to trace,
Steady, and noiseless, on it speeds,
With its sightless wheels and its airy steeds,
And onward, still onward its way will be,
Till it stops at the gates of Eternity.

Old Time in his life strange things has seen,
And will see more ere he dies, I ween,
Since he has told despotic sway,
Empires, and nations have passed away,
Kings have been born, again have died;
Wars have re-echoed far and wide,
Crime he has seen of every hue
And witnessed virtue's triumphs too,—
For nothing escapes his piercing eye,
However low, however high.
Age after age has come and gone,
Yet still his course is onward—on!
And his voice is heard by night, and day,
Singing to man this warning lay:—
"Take heed ye mortals and improve
The years that're given to man!
Your lives are but a fleeting show,
A little narrow span—
And I warn ye list to what I say:—
'Never returns the by-gone day!'
Heed ye my lay,
List what I say,
Never returns the by-gone day!
Never!—never!
'Tis gone and past!
Remember this ever,
Time drives fast!"

Philadelphia, 1840.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Tournament.

THE DAYS OF

Richard Coeur de Lion.

(Concluded.)

"Believe me that I never more longed to break a lance against any man, than I do against this boasting Frenchman."

* * * * * * *

"He met the Baron with such prowess, that while the very plume on his casque seemed scarcely stirred, Ambrose was thrown several paces from his steed—and it was not till some moments after his visor was removed by his squires, that he recovered his senses." [illegible]

Blanche gazed after the retiring form of her lover, her eyes swimming with tears, until he was lost in the distance; and even after she could no longer discover him, she continued looking vacantly at the spot where he had disappeared, leaning her head abstractedly upon her hand, while many a sad thought passed rapidly through her mind. She called to remembrance the happy days they had spent together in childhood, the doubts, the fears, and the bliss of their mutual love, and the sudden change in Stanley's fortunes, which, falling upon them like a thunderbolt, had almost paralised her. But it was all over now. Stanley had departed, she knew not whither, and even her sanguine heart felt that they might not meet for years.

When she descended at length from her chamber, she was surprised to learn, that the Baron intended leaving the castle on the following day. Her astonishment was increased, by the total change of his demeanor toward her. He was less haughty, and more open than ever before. A thousand kind and delicate attentions, which Blanche, never had deemed him capable of bestowing, marked his manner toward her during the moments they were together that day; and they might have made even a deeper impression on the heart of Blanche, had she not been so occupied with the sad emotions, occasioned by the absence of her lover. De Thievry it is true, said little, for Blanche courted silence in her present mood, but what he did say, was spoken in a tone so low and soothing, and sounded so much like sympathy, that the guileless girl, aware of her former suspicions, and believing them now to be untrue, felt a revulsion in her sentiments, which elevated the Baron higher in her opinion, than years could otherwise have done. He seemed almost to know the emotions of her bosom, so delicately fitted was every word and gesture to them. Blanche was deceived, as who has not often been? She thought she had wronged De Thievry, and with her, the knowledge of a wrong ensured instant reparation. Though she spoke little, therefore, in reply to the Baron's attentions, her manner insensibly betrayed what was passing through her heart, and when De Thievry took leave of her, the next day, his proud eye, and haughty lip, told that he was well satisfied with the manner in which he had played his part.

Meanwhile, life seemed to Blanche to have lost all its charm. Her parent studiously avoided all allusion to her lover, and weeks passed away without bringing any tidings of his fate. She had trusted that long ere this, she should have heard from Stanley, by some of the many pilgrims stopping at the castle, but months crept slowly by, and winter was already howling along the wastes, before she learned aught of the young knight.

It was a stormy night in December, and the snow fell thick and fast, when a palmer asked admittance from the tempest, to share the warmth of the hall fire, and obtain a morsel of fare. He had not arrived more than a few minutes, before the handmaid of Blanche came running to her mistress, saying,

"Oh! Lady Blanche, here is a palmer brings you word of Stanley, at least he whispered his name apart to me but now, and asked if I could not obtain for him a moment's interview with my lady."

Blanche gasped, blushed, turned pale, then blushed again at the suddenness of the news, and recovering herself by a strong effort, said:

"Oh! yes—let me only hear from Stanley—but how can I see him—it is not seemly that we should converse before all in the great hall."

"Never fear, my lady, I'll manage that—it's the easiest thing. I'll have him before friar John could tell a single bead, and none shall even guess for what he is come. Oh! leave it to me."

The maiden tripped lightly away, and entering the hall, told the palmer, before the guests assembled there, that her lady having heard of his travels to the Holy Land, sought to ask him a few questions concerning the brave knights there, fighting for the Holy sepulchre. The palmer bowed low, and making an obeisance to the earl, followed the girl to her mistress' presence.

Perhaps there was a wild vague suspicion flashing through Blanche's bosom, as she heard the approaching footsteps of the palmer, that her lover had chosen this disguise, in order to behold her again; but if so, it faded when she saw enter the bent form of a gray-haired pilgrim.

"Our lady's benizen be on you, sweet lady," said he, "and blessings follow you whithersoever you go."

"Holy pilgrim," said Blanche, in her low sweet voice, touched by his appearance, "you are weary—sit down here—you have come a long way."

"A long, long way, lady; but it is nothing since it allows me to bring you tidings which I see by your cheek, sweet lady, will be welcome as the sight of Jerusalem to the way-worn christian," and taking from his bosom a cross, said to be a relic of a saint, he gave it to Blanche, continuing, "the young knight Henry de Stanley bade me give you this, and tell you that his faith in you, and it were alike unshaken. It is now a month since, when about to sail for Palestine, he gave it to me to bring to you—

"To sail for Palestine," gasped Blanche, "and has he left England—oh! then I shall never see him more," and overcome by the suddenness of the information, she forgot the presence of the palmer, and burst into tears.

The aged pilgrim gazed on her in silence until the first burst of her grief had had its way, and then in a kind voice he said,

"Weep not—dear lady—for the absence of the young knight, for he has gone to join the army of the cross, and great will be his reward. I feel that he will win a name which shall shine resplendent, even among the gallant host, that our good king Richard—the saints guard and protect him—led on against Saladin. Cheer up, lady, your tears ought rather to be shed for those who ignobly stay at home."

But Blanche could not be thus comforted, she thought only of the seas that rolled betwixt her and her lover—of the dangers he would have to face before he could reach his destination—and of the many knights who had set forth to Jerusalem with lofty hopes, but who had never returned from that far off land, the sepulchre for the chivalry of Europe. How could she be comforted? Her young heart was well nigh broken. She sighed to be left alone, and burying her head in the bosom of her handmaid, wept for hours, until, like an innocent child, she fell asleep. In the morning the palmer had gone. Blanche had trusted that he would wait to have another interview; but telling her handmaid that he could not remain longer, and charging her anew with messages from Stanley, he left at early dawn. Blanche heard no more of him, nor of her lover; but though left in ignorance of his fate, she trusted still unhesitatingly in his truth, and looked forward to the day when, if he should return, he would claim her as his own. Her faith in Stanley was unbroken, and she watched for his coming,—like the mariner who, when the storm has shrouded the pole-star in darkness, keeps his eye fixed upon the spot where it disappeared, knowing that as soon as the clouds break away, he shall behold the beacon shining there as undimmed as ever.

But De Thievry had not, as the reader may suppose, given up his pursuit of Blanche. He had only left her side until time, as he imagined, should in a measure eradicate Stanley from her bosom, and ere many months he returned to Montrever castle, with a prouder train than had ever entered its walls. His manner was guarded and careful, until he had assured himself of Blanche's sentiments toward him; for deeply skilled in the human heart, he knew that to win her love would be impossible by openly detracting from the character of her lover. He soon satisfied himself that Blanche had not yet forgotten Stanley, and conscious of his want of success, as long as she still dwelt upon the memory of the young knight, De Thievry determined to re-assume the character of Blanche's friend, to even praise her absent lover, but in the meantime, by means which he well knew how to employ, to circulate a report of the young knight's death. Insidiously availing himself of the character he had assumed, and bringing his knowledge of the human heart to aid him in his designs, he set himself down, by this unsuspected plot, to make Blanche his bride.

We will not detail the story of the two following years, during which Blanche heard nothing of her lover, except a report that reached her a short time after De Thievry's return to the castle, which spoke of Stanley as having overthrown every challenger at a joust in Italy, where he had stopped on his voyage to Palestine. A long time elapsed before hearing of him again, when there came a rumor, vague at first and unsatisfactory, that he had fallen in a skirmish, a few days after joining the army in Palestine. But though the report, uncertain as it was, filled the heart of Blanche with alarm and grief, months passed away without any corroboration or denial of the story being received, until at length a couple of men-at-arms, worn, weary and with battered arms, begged one night the hospitality of the castle. It was granted without hesitation.

"Come you, bold strangers," said De Thievry, at the evening meal "from the Holy Land, as I may judge from your appearance that you do."

"That is the place where last we fought," answered the eldest of the two, "and having drawn my sword there, I bethink me of sheathing it henceforth, and retiring to a monastery; for it is not fit methinks for a soldier of the cross to dye his consecrated blade in the blood of fellow christians."

"What you say is no doubt very right, though good men have bethought them otherwise. But pray, holy warriors, have either of you known aught of the younger knights of the English train—how bear they themselves against their foes—how maintain they the name of England?"

"Ah! the flower of them all is dead—he fell by a poisoned arrow of the Saracens, before he had been a month in the camp, but in that time he had unhorsed three of the best knights of either army. By the cross it was a gallant sight to see Stanley hurl the proud Sieur de Rovigny from his saddle—

He was interrupted by a shriek from Blanche, who had thus received a confirmation to her fears; and falling into a deep fainting fit, she was borne by her handmaids to her chamber. Her father frowned on the crusader, and then hurriedly left the apartment.

"Your pardon, my brave warrior," said De Thievry as the speaker clutched his dagger at the frown of the parent, "there is no insult intended, and there should none be received. Your news has been, as you see, somewhat of a blow to one if not to more in this family. I need not say why. You can imagine all yourself, when I tell you that this Stanley of whom you spoke was brought up here, and that his death cannot be heard without emotion. At such a time you can well overlook the frown of an agonised parent."

"Yes—yes.—The saints bring comfort to all who are in trouble"—said the crusader solemnly.

Long was it before Blanche woke to a consciousness of her being, and when she did, the knowledge of her misery came with it. Her lover then was indeed dead, and all her fears were now realised. Oh! who can tell the deep agony of a young and guileless heart, when it finds that its dearest hopes have all been overthrown, and that the one over whose absence it has so long pined, will never, never more return. There is a gloom shrouding such a heart, which cannot be imagined, unless by those who have walked amid the same bitterness. There is a melancholy that comes over the mind, drying up all the springs of joy, and withering every gay and happy feeling, which too often ends in destroying its victim. Life has no longer aught that is beautiful for the eye of the broken hearted one. The sun shines not as of old—the wind whispers no more in melody—the birds have neither music nor gaiety in song—and the very stars seem to look down with saddened faces upon her, and tell her that for her this world henceforth has no charm. Her thoughts are in the grave. She lives not with the inhabitants of earth. Her only joy, if joy she ever can have, is to look forth at night upon the wierd-like stars, and fancy that the spirit of him she loved may be looking down upon her, unseen from some one of those ever-burning thrones.

Thus was it long with Blanche. Her heart drooped within her, her old gaiety had become melancholy, and only a faint smile would acknowledge the kind attentions of her friends.

But how often do we see one sorrow removed by another. So it was with Blanche. The very misfortune which might have been thought would have crushed her wholly to the earth, and laid her broken spirit in that grave, where "the weary are at rest," was the cause of her ultimate recovery. That misfortune was her father's death in an ignoble skirmish against some neighboring outlaws, and though for a while this new blow seemed to have prostrated Blanche, beyond all hope of recovery, yet the grief she felt for her parent, by driving the thoughts of Stanley out from her memory, was eventually the secret of her recovery. The struggle was long and painful—for many a weary day her life hung in the balance; but at length her youth triumphed, and though she was no more gay as of old, yet neither was she broken down in heart.

And Blanche was once more the centre of all attraction. But the memory of her lover burned still like sweet incense in her heart, and she would often fall into a reverie, and dream of happiness, that might have been hers if Stanley had only lived.

A year passed away. Reports often came from the Holy Land, but each only increased the certainty of Stanley's death. The manner in which he had fallen, however, varied from what the men-at-arms had asserted. He had not died in battle, but taken prisoner by the Saracens had suffered, it was said, at the stake for not renouncing his faith. Blanche dreamed of him now as a martyr.

Meantime De Thievry had not neglected his suit. He had attached himself to the faction of the usurper John, and spent most of his time in England, at one or the other of his magnificent castles. Whenever he could find an excuse for visiting Montrever castle he did so, nor, at his visits, was his suit forgotten. Having seen his rival removed from his path in the very manner which he had planned, the Frenchman only waited for the term of Blanche's mourning for her father to elapse, before he should, in due form, propose for her hand, well knowing that the influence of a monarch could command her for his bride, even if she should not otherwise consent to be his.

The year elapsed, and De Thievry offered himself to Blanche. Having never dreamed that the Frenchman still considered himself her suitor, she was for a while thunderstruck,—but recovering herself from her surprise she gave him a firm denial, softening it, however, by expressing her esteem for his character. Had Blanche known how, year after year, De Thievry had hunted down the reputation of her lover, and with what dark malignity he had planned his exile from her father's house, she would have turned away in loathing from the deceitful knight.

"By St. Dennis," said De Thievry, as he strode from Blanche's presence, "am I to be forever foiled in winning this proud beauty. After the years I have waited—after the disgrace I have run the risk of obtaining—after the humility with which I have disguised my feelings toward this Stanley, and bowed to every whim, to be refused, refused too so firmly, is enough to make me forswear mercy toward her, and harry her domains with my stalwart troops. But no! I will seek revenge in another manner. Have her I will. Yes! she shall be mine though the fiend himself oppose it. I am of no little moment to this John in his present usurpation, for should his brother come back, the prince will need every lance he can get to withstand that devil, the lion-hearted Richard. I will go to him—he cares little for law—he shall seize on my proud mistress Blanche here as his ward; and as he will then have her marriage, I will step in and claim his kingly word to make her my bride. I will marry her in despite of herself, and then—for my revenge," and with a smile of triumph the knight left his apartment, ordered his escort forth, and set out to return to his own castle.

A month after, Blanche was seized by the lawless forces of the usurper, and under pretence of being a ward of the crown, her estates were taken possession of by the Prince, and an escort sent to bring her up to court. Indignant at such an outrage, she would have resisted openly, but her few friends deserted her in her need, and she was left unaided, to contend against her fate.

"Oh, would that I were but a man," she exclaimed bitterly, "I would resist such tyranny with my heart's blood. Sooner than submit to such injustice, I would fling out the banner of my house, summon my vassals together, and alone take the field against the usurper. But God help me—I have none to aid me in this extremity. My kinsmen are abroad with their king—my friends all tell me, to bow to the storm—what can I do?"

And Blanche, thus forced into submission, was carried an unwilling guest to the court of the usurper.

It was not the policy, however, of either the Prince or De Thievry, to make her sojourn there anything like a captivity. Even the lawless John, felt injustice might become intolerable—and while, therefore, in reality, Blanche continued a prisoner, she was treated with the utmost respect. She soon became as celebrated for her beauty, as De Thievry was for prowess in arms, and a haughty, cruel, unforgiving soul. Her hand was sought by many a noble. But to all, John returned the same answer, that as she was a ward of the crown, he reserved her for the one who should do the best service for the realm. These proposals, however, threw a new difficulty into the way of De Thievry, for John, as versatile as he was unjust, declared it impossible to bestow Blanche on the Frenchman, without offending her other suitors irrevocably.

"But, sire," said De Thievry, "there is a way in which all this may be managed, and though it may seem to lessen the certainty of my success, yet am I willing to hazard the issue. You can proclaim a tournament,—the hand of Blanche to be the prize. I fear not to couch my lance against all Christendom, and you may then ensure me my bride, and yet appear to favor no one."

"You are as wily as Sathanus, by our blessed mother," ejaculated the Prince, "but your proposal is a fair one, and hits our fancy well. Yet are you right sure, our gallant Count, that you shall win?" said John, smiling.

"Unless your majesty enters the list against me."

"Well said—the tournament, and the prize is yours."

The versatile prince, ever seeking after novelty, ordered instant proclamation of the tournament to be made; and Blanche, that very night, learned to her dismay, that she was to be set up for a prize, to gratify the whim of a usurper. But resistance was in vain. She was wholly in the prince's power, and with a heavy heart, like one condemned to die, she awaited the fatal day.

The sun rose with cloudless beauty on the morning of the expected tournament. The vast plain in the centre of which the lists were placed, was crowded with the thousands of the lower orders, who came to witness the spectacle; while here and there a gay cavalcade of horsemen told of an approaching party of the gentry. The country for miles around was alive with men, women, and even children, of all ranks and ages, pouring toward the centre of the plain, where the gay pennons of the various knights, and the proud banner of England floating in the breeze, marked the spot of the approaching contest. Opposite the centre of the lists was erected a rich gallery, in which the queen of the day, Blanche, was to sit, and bestow a chaplet upon the successful knight. Around her were seats for the ladies of the court, and not far off was placed a throne for the usurper. The rest of the lists was arranged much in the same manner as those at Ashby de la Zouch, so graphically described in Ivanhoe.

It was some hours after the plain had become crowded with spectators, before the principal parties in the ensuing display took their station, but at length Blanche appeared, and assumed her throne, at which, a shout from the assembled thousands rent the skies. She was pale, and yet surpassingly beautiful, for the very melancholy of her look added to her loveliness. Every eye was turned instantly toward her, and the deepest interest was felt for her by the crowd. Yet not one among them dreamed of her real feelings at that moment. They deemed her happy and triumphant, and little knew of the breaking heart she carried in her bosom.

The knights who purposed taking part in the tournament—and all the flower of the English chivalry was there—now entered the circle, and each one retired for a while to his tent, preparatory to the commencement of the joust. It was a splendid sight to gaze upon the long line of pavilions belonging to the competitors, stretching along either end of the lists, flaunting with their silken canopy, their rich, gay pennons, the coat of arms, and the squires in gay apparel at their doors.

At length the herald rode into the lists and announced the regulations of the joust. The candidates were to be divided by lot into two parties, and these again were to be numbered according to the time since they had been knighted, the oldest to take precedence. The first knight of one party was then to run a course with his opponent, and the victor was to retire from the field until the rest had each run a course. The remaining knights were then to be divided again into two parties—the like mode of precedence was to take place—and the courses were to be run between them in the same way. This was to continue until but two knights were left, when the victor was to claim the prize, unless some one knight should be willing to challenge him, when if defeated, the new victor was in his turn to stand against all challengers. These regulations having been proclaimed, the heralds withdrew, and the business of the day commenced.

We will not pause to describe the course of the various conflicts. They were characterised by various skill on the part of the combatants, but as the contest was one only of prowess, the lances were not as in the joust at outrance, furnished with steel heads. After an hour's jousting, however, only two remained to contest the field: they were De Thievry and the equally celebrated Lord Morley, of the northern marches.

Every eye was turned toward the two combatants as they rode into the lists, to run a last course for the hand of the beautiful Blanche. It may well be supposed that the maiden was not the least interested of the group. The appearance of De Thievry in the lists—the tournament itself—the hints dropped by the careless prince that day—the removal of her person to court so soon after the refusal of De Thievry flashed upon her mind the suspicion that the Frenchman had laid a deep fated plot against her which was now upon the point of being executed. A thousand things recurred to her memory, all pointing suspicion toward De Thievry, as she thought. Her revulsion of opinion was as speedy as it was complete. She would have given worlds that his competitor, little known as Lord Morley was to Blanche, might prove the victor; and as they now darted from their stations her heart beat fast with apprehension.

It was a gallant sight that course! Shooting like arrows toward each other, from either end of the long lists, the two combatants, eyeing his opponent through his closed visor, seemed to sit like iron statues on their mailed, but rapid steeds. There was but a moment apparently between the beginning and end of their career. There was a tramp of horse's feet—a meteor-like glancing of the combatants along the lists—a shock, a crash, and then the Frenchman was seen careering on in his course unharmed, while his antagonist, after reeling in his saddle, beneath the shock of his opponent's lance, which broke the fastenings of his helmet, recovered himself with difficulty, and rode crest-fallen back, hastily dismounted, and sought to hide his defeat in his tent.

The shouts that rent the skies at the victory of De Thievry, fell upon the heart of Blanche like the doom of her hopes. Oh! what would she not have given at that moment, to have been some unknown peasant girl, far, far away from the splendor that surrounded her, and where she might never more see the haughty, and as she now felt perfidious, Frenchman again. What a revulsion of feeling had those few moments produced! Hope is ever sanguine in the youthful bosom, and till the very minute of Lord Morley's fall, Blanche had indulged the fancy that De Thievry would yet be overthrown; but when she saw the Frenchman sweeping victoriously onward to the goal, the blood rushed back fearfully upon her heart, and she gasped for breath. What to her was wealth, or rank, or splendor, since she was destined for one she loathed. Oh! better had she never been born than to be thus mocked.

"De Thievry has the heiress," said a noble carelessly, from a neighboring gallery, "but were not I blessed with a wife, I trow it would not have been so."

"Ah! you may well say it," said another elderly magnate, "and if the young knights of this day were only such as we were in our youth, then would not De Thievry win the lady Blanche without one lance at least being lifted against him," and he struck the hand of his furred arm, emphatically against the railing.

"By our lady you are right there," interposed another gray-haired baron, "this De Thievry is, after all, nothing to what you and I were twenty or thirty years ago; and besides he is no true born Englishman,"—the speaker had Saxon blood in his veins—"but a bragging, vaunting Gascon. Would that heaven would send some one to overthrow him, even yet, the proud boaster!"

"And by the holy cross," echoed the second speaker, "there is one now—hark! how his lone trumpet wails over the dying huzzas."

The three speakers started at once eagerly to their feet, and leaning over the railing in front, gazed toward the upper end of the lists from which quarter the defiance proceeded. As they looked they saw a solitary knight slowly pace into the circle, and at the same time a note of defiance rung out from a trumpet behind him. He was cased, from head to foot in steel, and rode a heavy charger admirably fitted for a joust. His visor was down, and he bore for a device on his shield a single spear head, with the word, "ALONE," for a motto. His appearance was noble, and he sat his steed with exquisite skill. A murmur of applause ran around the lists as he appeared, which he acknowledged by dropping the point of his lance. After moving slowly along the lists, he stopped before the throne of Blanche, and making a low obeisance, claimed the right of challenging the victorious knight. The marshals approached, and one of them hurried to the prince, to ask if the stranger should be allowed to run a course with De Thievry.

"Who is the vagabond knight-errant," answered the usurper, "that comes thus in disguise, to compete with our nobles for the hand of the richest and loveliest heiress in the realm! Bid the insolent varlet begone, or I may, despite his seeming knighthood, have the upstart scourged by horse-boys from the lists."

"But," interposed a noble, who, jealous of De Thievry, could ill brook his present success, "has your highness forgotten the regulations of the tournament. For three hours, say the rules, must the victor await the challenge of all-comers."

"True, but not of every wandering fellow who has stolen a steed, or borrowed a suit of mail."

"But the honor of your highness is involved," said one of the old counsellors, "remember that De Thievry, himself, will suffer insult, if he meets not this stranger, whom God speed or defend for his hardihood."

Impatient at the delay in answering his challenge, the strange knight now ordered his defiance to be repeated, and at the close, slightly raised his visor and exclaimed in a voice of thunder,

"And I, a knight of the holy crusade, pronounce the victor hitherto in this day's tournayment, and all who having assisted him, forsworn, if this, my last challenge is refused. I claim the observance of the conditions on which this tournament was begun, and I proclaim," he exclaimed, rising threateningly in his stirrups, "all knights here, recreant, be they who they may, that stand in the way of the free fulfilment of those conditions,—and as such, I will proclaim them in every court of Europe, so help me God and his saints—and there lies my gage."

"Bravely spoken—gallant knight—he has the Frenchman there," shouted forth the three nobles whom we have introduced to our readers, while the mob around burst into an approving shout, which rolled like thunder far away across the plain.

"Who is this braggart?" said De Thievry, appearing at his tent door, "Let him make ready, since he wishes it. Ho! there—bring me a new lance."

The usurper, however, would have interfered, but the messenger whom he sent to inform the Frenchman that he was not bound to accept the challenge of an unknown knight, received for answer, that a De Thievry was ready to maintain his renown, against all the lances in Christendom, be they strangers or not.

There was nothing now left but to submit to the trial of skill, and accordingly, the Prince gave orders for the course to be run.

Not an eye but was fixed on the two antagonists as they moved sternly to their places. Blanche knew not why, but a strange wild hope was in her bosom, that the stranger might prevail. He might care little for her hand and suffer her to retire to a convent, the only place she now cared for, this side the grave—or he might, at most, surrender her person to herself, and content himself with her fortune. At least, she might hope for leniency from him—De Thievry she felt would exact everything relentlessly. She gasped for breath when she saw them dart from their stations—and bending eagerly forward, she watched their encounter with an intensity of feeling, no pen can describe.

The two knights met with the shock of an earthquake in mid-career. Both their steeds had been at their topmost speed. As the combatants approached each other, the lance of De Thievry was seen pointed out at his adversary's breast, but varying it almost at the instant of the encounter, he directed it full at the stranger's head. The action was not quicker however than the stranger. Stooping his head rapidly as he saw the change, and altering the point of his lance so as to direct it against the heart of De Thievry, he at once avoided the blow of his antagonist, and driving his own lance right home against the chest of the Frenchman, hurled him from his saddle, as if he had been a stone thrown from a sling. So tremendous was the force of the encounter, that De Thievry fell many feet from the spot where the two knights met; while the stranger was for a moment thrown backward on his own saddle. But recovering himself, he continued his career without stopping, amid the deafening plaudits of the spectators. De Thievry was picked up by his squires and carried senseless to his tent.

"By St. George," said the versatile prince, at once altering his opinion of the challenger, "it is no use to wait the three hours for our new bravo here. Why he threw De Thievry—the best lance in England—from his saddle as easily as I would throw down this glove—let the victor at once declare himself, for, by my ancestry, it is time to dine."

The knight, in obediance to a summons from the prince, rode up to the foot of the prince's throne, and lifting his visor, presented a countenance which none of those present had ever seen.

"Whom have we the honor of greeting as victor in to-day's tournament?" said the prince, with an inquiring look, at the sun-burnt countenance before him. "If, fair stranger, thou art an Englishman, we yield thee the prize, Lady Blanche—if not, you know we could not give her to an alien."

"Your highness will know me for an Englishman perhaps when you hear my name. It is the knight of Ascalon."

At that renowned name—the most renowned in Christendom, next to that of Richard Coeur de Lion—every man started to his feet in wonder; while a thousand voices burst forth into an acclamation that made the heavens overhead tremble.

"She is thine," said the prince, "noble sir, we have heard of thy prowess—lead on, lead on to the queen of the day."

Blanche had seen the conflict, and had felt a momentary relief at De Thievry's overthrow; but when the excitement of the instant had passed away, the reflection that the conqueror might be as hateful to her as the conquered, almost again benumbed her faculties. As she heard the shouts, and saw the cavalcade approaching, her brain reeled, her eyes swam, and she almost fainted. But struggling to recover herself, she rose as the victor approached. His visor was now down. He knelt before her.

"Unhelm, gallant sir, unhelm," said the prince, "you have suffered your visor to fall: and you, fair Blanche, look on your future husband."

The maiden with a shudder dropped her eyes mechanically upon the kneeling knight, who gracefully removing his helmet looked up into her face, and said in a low musical tone, that made every nerve in Blanche's frame tremble with agitation,

"Blanche! Blanche!"

"Henry de Stanley!" almost shrieked the maiden, as gazing for a moment doubtingly yet eagerly upon the face of her lover, she uttered his name and fell fainting to the floor.

It was indeed he. The report of his death had arisen from his being captured by the Saracens, and remaining their prisoner for some months. On his escape he had received tidings—falsely the reader knows—that Blanche had married De Thievry, and sick of the world he had assumed another name, joined a detachment of knights where he was not known, and soon won a renown which filled all Europe. The truth at length, however, reached his ears, and he determined to return and claim Blanche. He arrived, as the reader has seen, just in time to save her from becoming the bride of De Thievry.

The mortified Frenchman never appeared at the English court again. He tried often, however, but unsuccessfully to destroy Stanley; and the disgrace attending his plots, when discovered, eventually shut him out from all honorable companionship.

The joy of Blanche who can describe? We cannot, nor will we attempt it. She became the bride of her first and only love, and long years of felicity were thereafter her lot. * * *

The American Monthlies.

From the Lady's Book.

The Chieftain's Daughter.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Every part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honor on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded:—After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Captain Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity—two huge stones were placed near the water's edge, Smith was lashed to them, and his head was laid upon them, as a preparation for beating out his brains with war clubs. Powhattan raised the fatal instrument, and the savage multitude, with their blood stained weapons stood near their king silently waiting the prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not destined thus to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and with tears and entreaties, prayed that the victim might be saved. The royal savage rejected her suit, and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith, and laid her head upon his, her raven hair falling around his neck and shoulders, declaring she would perish with or save him. The Indians gasped for breath, fearing that Powhattan would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his deadliest foe. But human nature is the same every where: the war club dropped from the monarch's hand—his brow relaxed—his heart softened, and, as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, he reversed his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty! Whether the regard of this glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love, is not known. No favor was ever expected in return. 'I ask nothing of Captain Smith,' said she, in an interview she afterward had with him in England, 'in recompence for whatever I have done, but the boon of living in his memory.'"—*Sketches of Virginia.*

I.

Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand
The red-men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:—
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears
And breathed a prayer for him.

II.

Above his head in air
The savage war club swung,
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

III.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
"It is your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

From White's Southern Literary Messenger.

The German's Daughter.

"How much its sounds recall!" exclaimed Mr. Pembroke.

It was sunset, and Mr. Pembroke was seated at the open window of Mrs. Vere's drawing room, enjoying the soft air of a mild evening in the end of May. At the same time he was looking down upon ——— street—for he was then a visiter in Philadelphia—and, until the last five minutes, he had been musing of such things as met his eye—namely, the varieties of "life in the streets." Within the last few moments, however, his mind had been suddenly abstracted from this contemplation—old feelings had been conjured up, and absent forms had obeyed the spell of the witch memory, and become present to his heart. A crowd of tender associations also had returned in their company, and painful thoughts, which it had long been his study to dispel, had resumed their sway and influence. Not wonderful was it, then, that Mr. Pembroke should exclaim,

"How much those sounds recall!"

"What sounds?" said Mrs. Vere, surprised not more by the words that fell upon her ear, than by the tone in which they were uttered.

"The German air which somebody is playing in the opposite house."

Mrs. Vere listened a moment, and then naturally asked,

"And why should this affair affect you?"

"Me," replied Pembroke, sadly, it is the very voice of the past. I have listened to that air long, long ago,—when I was happier than I can ever be again."

"You are speaking like an old man," said Mrs. Vere, smiling, "but not like a wise old man,—nay, don't answer! Spare me, I beseech you, the idlest common-place age that time has yet dealt out. Do not tell me of "a heart grown prematurely old." That "sort of thing" came in with Byron, and is growing stale with Bulwer. We are all getting tired of it, and beginning to look for novelty, pretty much as we thirst for fresh air in the heat of summer. I do long for the introduction of a new fashion of feeling—for it is much more a fashion than people are in the habit of fancying."

"A fashion of feeling! In the habit of fancying! How can you talk such nonsense, my dearest Mrs. Vere?"

"Such wisdom you mean, my charming Mr. Pembroke. It is a fashion—and the present style, rely upon it, has lasted all too long. In these days the human heart, to borrow another phrase from your dictionary of nothings, is like a field from which the freshness of morning has been dried away—arid—burning—and much do I fear that, if the advance of time and common sense lend not more dewy influences,——"

"You are making the sun himself the type of my favorite authors, however!"

"Yes, I know—the sun in the dog-days. Be it so—if that may content you. But I look forward, I confess, with pleasure, to some better influence—one which may more calmly rule the hour. Every fashion has its day, and that which has made Byron and Bulwer, and all who have imitated them, the sovereigns and aristocracy of sentiment is, I hope, passing away."

"Don't you admire them, then?"

"Their powers, infinitely—but not the use to which they have been applied. I read them with enthusiasm, and I close their volumes with a lamentation that so much ability should have been directed to the creation of false and corrupt sentiment."

"Sentiment!—you have absolutely none!"

"Very little indeed, I flatter myself!"

"Flatter yourself? There again, now! Well then, Mrs. Vere, have you any feeling?"

"I—really I hardly know. Sometimes I have thought perhaps I *had*. But then your romance writers have dressed up feeling in so many different ways, that it is like French cookery, and when it really is served up to me by any out of the way occurrence, I scarcely know now-a-days what it is—whether genuine feeling, or only some highly seasoned imitation—just as, in the culinary case, I am sometimes puzzled to decide whether I am eating venison or mutton."

"Were you ever in love, Mrs. Vere?"

"I suppose I must once have thought so, for I remember I was married before I was eighteen. Most of these things happen before we reach the years of discretion."

"Which things? Marrying for love, or marrying at all?"

"Neither. Falling in love—which is a different matter?"

"You are a droll creature? How is it different?"

"When people *marry for love*, it is, I imagine, for affection based upon observation, and upon the prudent conclusions they have been able to draw from it. When people *fall* in love, there is no more reflection or calculation involved in the matter, than there was in seating myself here to hear Mr. Pembroke talk nonsense."

"Mrs. Vere, can you, by any possibility, recollect to which of these sentiments, which you have so nicely distinguished, you may happen to owe your own matrimonial felicity?"

"It has been so long ago that I can hardly tell; but, as it really *is* matrimonial felicity, I dare say I experienced only the wiser one. Don't you think it more in keeping with my general discretion that it should have been so?"

"Much!"

"And now, Mr. Pembroke, to return to our subject—"

"Which do you mean—music, or sentiment?"

"Oh! music—we can enter the "debatable ground" afterward—how comes it that you so greatly dislike the pretty air you heard just now from the opposite house?"

"Who lives in the opposite house?"

"I really do not know. Mr. Clarke, or Mr. Johnson, or Mr. Jones, or Mr. Smith—or, very possibly Mr. Thompson. I am sure I never asked. But if you wish to know who is the performer, I believe it must be a governess, or some such matter—for I sometimes see a terrible string of children coming out of that house, with a gentlewoman behind them, and out of that third story window, whence issued just now something better, I have beheld little round, vacant faces, peeping forth, like sunflowers staring over a garden wall."

"And are you not fond of children?"

"I do not know—sometimes I am very *sorry* for them."

"Sorry for them!—sorry for those fresh and innocent creatures, whose young bloom and beauty seem a sort of evidence of their very Maker's love!"

"Fresh and innocent! Look, Pembroke! there's one of the little Stubbses at the window—isn't *it* fresh and innocent," said the malicious lady, who knew very well that facts are the best of all imaginable arguments. The little love to which she pointed was standing at the third story window, and staring intently down upon the street—its blazing shock of red hair even more than usually radiant in the glow of the setting sunshine, which reposed, glaring and hot, upon the brick wall around it, whilst its heavy senseless face fully illustrated Mr. Pembroke's idea of bloom and beauty—the evidence even of its Maker's love. To crown the effect, a maid servant, fearing lest this inestimable gem might fall from so great a height, caught it by the back of a neat check pin-a-fore which covered its shapeless little person, and forcibly drew it farther into the room. The scarlet head was immediately thrown back, the cheeks were distorted, the little grey eyes were instantly lost in tears and encumbering fat, and from the wide stretched mouth issued a shriek of fury. Altogether it was just in time that Mrs. Vere had inquired,

"Now is not *it* fresh and innocent?"

Pembroke laughed in spite of himself.

"It is all charming of course—in description," said Mrs. Vere smiling, "but when we come to the *facts*, you know, it is *not* exactly the same thing. But enough on that score," added pertinacious Mrs. Vere. "You have not told me yet why you have such a horror of Miss Whipchild's tune?"

"I have not a horror of it, Mrs. Vere. But it is a long story—have you patience?"

"Patience to any amount. Yet stay, Mr. Pembroke. If you have any source of annoyance connected with that air, "it is not worth while to make yourself dull for an evening, merely to satisfy a silly curiosity."

"No, you shall hear it; for I wish to convert you," said Pembroke smiling slightly, yet with an expression of pain. "I mean to have even your sympathy."

"You must, then, tell me of very reasonable distresses," said Mrs. Vere, drawing a footstool to her arm chair, placing upon it a very pretty foot, and taking up a piece of ornamental work—thus preparing to listen to Mr. Pembroke's story "in comfort."

"I acquired some distinction at college, and some small knowledge of the world moreover. Gradually, too, I had been, during several years, gathering together a fund of generous feeling, and even of high principle, which my previous education would hardly have seemed to promise. Do not smile, Mrs. Vere—I claim no merit in it. Perhaps it was from a memory of my mother's old list of a gentleman's necessary qualifications—more likely it was the humanising effect of indulgence in my childhood, and of my exemption from violent usage, and hard trials—neither of which, in my opinion, should be considered useful in the forming of characters. Nothing is more brutalising than familiarity with extreme emotions, and it would be well for human nature if it could never be taught how much it can feel or how much endure. You can conceive how shocking any excess of wrath, or of cruelty, for example, would naturally be to a person unused to a display of either! Without philosophising or investigating farther the causes, I must declare, however, that in my own case the fact was certain."

"This candor is charming," said Mrs. Vere, with an ironical smile.

"Charming—and to the point," answered Pembroke, quite seriously, "for it will explain a very singular episode in the life of a man of the fashionable world—the history of a first, a disinterested, and an only attachment."

"How dearly sentimental!" said Mrs. Vere, with a most provoking expression of mock sympathy. "How I shall like to hear about that."

"I hope it will at least amuse you," said Pembroke with an air of annoyance.

"It will. I have no doubt of it—go on," replied Mrs. Vere.

"When I left college," resumed Pembroke. "I was in no haste to return home. Not long before the close of the last 'session' I passed there, my father had received by the death of another kinsman a large accession of wealth, and even a larger one of pride and self importance. I knew that he and my mother had, just at this time, assembled a party of fashionable friends at their country house; and that they were endeavoring, by all sorts of festivity, to make themselves amends for all their past denial of amusement. I had always been sore upon the subject of my father's foible, and I particularly dreaded to see it in full exercise, now that he had an extended sphere and motive for pretension. Besides, I had of late become very sentimental. I began to love poetry, and to muse of romance, making myself, of course, invariably a hero. I was tired of gaiety too. People generally knew my worldly claims to notice, and society had never refused me allurements to pleasure. The novelty of the thing was therefore exhausted. I had always felt that this mode of living was not the legitimate object of life; and restless, and ardent, and uncertain upon what to fix my mind as an ultimate attainment, I had adopted with enthusiasm, what was, at last, a very vague suggestion of one of my favorite authors, and decided that "it was best to go back to nature," and, casting aside the artificial habits of mankind, to lean at the foot of the "mighty mother," at once the end for which we are created, and the means by which we may fulfil them. You will not be surprised therefore to hear that I put away with disgust the idea of joining the merry company at my father's house, and accepted with delight the invitation of a fellow student to accompany him in a long pedestrian tour among the mountains, and to close it with a visit to his home. No two people could be more opposed in habits, character, and feelings, than Williams and myself; yet we really loved each other, and I, on my side, made quite a romantic matter of the friendship. I looked forward therefore with great satisfaction to the proposed excursion, anticipated much farther elevation of soul from communion with nature upon her mountain heights, &c.—and so, lost no time in writing to my parents, and sending home my baggage.

"On foot, therefore, I set forth with Williams, and for a fortnight was delighted with the rambling life we led. Our adventures were, during this time, neither many nor romantic, but they were new, and I was in good humor with myself, and inclined to be pleased with every thing else. After a time, however, I began to find that the worship of nature need not be confined to any particular place, or sort of places—I did not perceive that my soul had acquired additional sublimity of conception, or even of aspirations from the mountain scenery, with which I had now grown familiar; and I was rather pleased than otherwise, when Williams proposed that we should, in a few days, turn our steps toward his father's home. Meanwhile we examined every object of interest which neighbored our road, filling up with jest or argument, as our mood or chance dictated, the portions of our journey which included no 'lion.'

"One evening, toward the hour of sunset, we found that the conversation wherewith we had beguiled the way had been sufficiently entertaining to abstract our attention from the path we had intended to pursue. We paused, acknowledged to each other the melancholy truth that we knew neither where we were, nor where shelter for the night could be had; and then, with the reckless gaiety of our age, determined to walk onward, and take the chances of finding some roof to protect our slumbers, or of maintaining, out of doors, a vigil until the coming of another day. Nevertheless we were somewhat dismayed at the evident approach of a heavy shower. The clouds grew black and blacker, and big drops were beginning to fulfil the promise of the skies. It was with a feeling of relief, therefore, that, as we wound around the foot of the mountain which he had been descending for the last half hour, we came suddenly within view of a neat but unpretending dwelling, situated in a green and fertile valley, and in the midst of grounds limited in extent, but in beautiful order. Every thing about the spot betokened taste, and promised comfort. It was not in human nature to pass it by. We asked shelter, and were received with kindness.

"The family had been about to sit down to their evening meal when he had summoned our host to the door. He ushered us into a small sitting room, in which they were assembled, and introduced us to his daughters. One of these was apparently in declining health—the other was very young, and the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld. In spite of fatigue and hun-

ge, I regarded her with interest and admiration. Her fine head, and shining hair—her large eyes, of the darkest possible grey—her lips—

"Had she a good figure, and a pretty foot and hand?" interrupted Mrs. Vere, who was remarkable for possessing all these advantages, and who was much more conspicuous for beauty of features.

"Each and all of those were in her exquisite."

"That then was enough to enslave any reasonable woman—a man of the age of twenty-four at least," returned Mrs. Vere. "Say no more of Lucie."

"Nay, she will fall in love with her brother-in-law, Will—

—and you!"—that instant.

"Nonsense! that instant. But let me put pen in possession of all with which the air we breathe just now from the opposite house is associated in my recollection. The apartment into which we had followed our host was of moderate size, and furnished plainly, but it bore some marks of refinement, which distinguished it from those into which our wanderings had lately led us. There were book shelves in two recesses at the end of the room—in each of these was a window, and beneath it a table upon which lay volumes, displaced as if recently used. A piano, a harp, a guitar might be—and upon a small table there stood a vase filled with beautiful and fragrant flowers. Upon the walls hung perhaps as many as three small pictures, in oil—pale, English produce from the hand of some old master; and having for their subjects dead-game, and some dearly departed friend with Flemish boors."

"You are minute."

"Every detail of that humble dwelling is fixed in my memory," said Frankfort Smith, in an expression of mingled tenderness and sorrow. Mrs. Vere was struck with a sudden fit of quiet sympathy, and forbore to laugh.

"The morning of presentation over," continued Pembroke, after a moment's silence, "we were invited to partake the evening refreshments. The old man led the way into another apartment in which supper was laid. An ancient housekeeper was in attendance there, and, in obedience to some words addressed to her by her master, in a language which I did not then understand, she placed seats for us at the table. During supper our mutual interest into conversation was such, and, through his accent, I easily detected him to be a foreigner. He spoke English well, however, and his manner combined great kindness, and piancy, though in the former there was nothing unrefined, and in the latter, no imitation of servility. He seemed to be gentle, well bred, and kind hearted, and was, as he told us, a German. He had one great and all ruling fancy—It was to speak, and pronounce our language like a native, and especially with perfect command of all the proverbs and familiar sayings, which often puzzle foreigners so much. He drew from us so much of our respective family histories as was essential to present us favorably to him; and as he had once been slightly acquainted with the father of Wallace, he knew that his connections were good. This discovery unlocked his heart to us, and the flow of its kindness was thenceforward unrestrained.

"I complimented him upon his proficiency in the English language. He was at once, and frankly, delighted, and I obviously made a long stride into his favor."

"Ah! yes—I think—I hope so. It has been always my ambition, since I have had the happiness to reside in your great country, to speak and write your language perfectly, and especially, sir, to master those familiar proverbs—those little sayings of the people, which so certainly show the genius of the language, and of the nation which has gradually created it."

"In our case, sir, it would seem that they should, then, illustrate the genius of another nation, which, though the origin of our race, differs from it in various characteristics. The English nation, which formed our language and its proverbs,—"

Pardon the interruption. When your characteristics cease to be the same (and this is very rarely the case. Men are much the same, in the main, everywhere—when your characteristics cease, you have begun to make proverbs for yourselves, and these do certainly, and curiously illustrate the difference which time and situation have made between you and the parent race."

"Indeed!—I was not aware."

"Ah! it is so. I assure you. And then some of your proverbs, too, begin to mark the local peculiarities."

"I did not know," said Williams, smiling, "that we possessed a saying of this kind, original with ourselves—and more particularly noting local peculiarities."

"Oh my good sir, I can assure you, yes," replied our host eagerly. "I get them everywhere. It was but the other day I had two carpenters at work in my grounds—Jules, to erect your frame. One of these gave to the other some trifling provocation. Immediately the retort was made, 'you, sir, are no gentleman.' To this the other, who is a good humored fellow, replied only with a laugh, and a proverb which I immediately set down upon my tablets. It is this. 'The jay trifled the 'peasun narrow face'!"

"It is impossible to give you, dear Mrs. Vere, any idea of the consternation of Wallace at this remarkable illustration of the turn the language was taking in our favor. Had he been at our rooms in college he would have laughed without restraint. As it was, he looked down, and the corners of his mouth quivered for several minutes."

"I think I have mastered those proverbs—though often they bewilder foreigners," said the old man, with the unswerving face of Williams, and listening to me with great self complacency.

"You have succeeded, sir, to admiration."

"Not so fast—not so fast, perhaps," returned the old man, pleased beyond the possibility of a firm contradiction of this compliment. "Yet I have done something—I have done something—yes, I confess I think that I have done something."

"And those ladies—your daughters," said Williams, fearing to trust himself to hear more of the old gentleman's proverbs, "are they our country women?—or are we doing homage to the charms of your native Germany?"

"My daughters are Americans," answered the father, with sparkling eyes. "Nor was their mother a German. We have lived in this mountain house, now almost alone in the world—the event of the domestic felicity which she first taught us."

"The old man looked a little sad for a moment, and then resuming his liveliness of speech and countenance, gave evidence that the happiness in question had entirely recovered from the shock which it must have sustained from the recital of her to whom he said he was indebted for it. The elder of his two daughters seemed to feel the allusion most deeply, and, with a deep sigh and green eyes of the younger. But this passed away, and more, after supper, we returned to the apartment into which we had entered at first introduced, we fell into gay and animated conversation. Will Jones was delighted with the character before him, and 'drew out' our host without restraint. The natural restraint will might be in it, for the simplicity and goodness of heart which he displayed, would have disarmed a darker and subtler spirit.

Williams complimented the tastefulness of his arrangements without doors, praised the fine trees, which we had observed as we approached the cottage, and dwelt with pleasure upon the view in front of finding shelter under the "green gloom" of these branches.

"Ah it is pretty, certainly," said the delighted German. "It is pretty now, gentlemen, but when I first came hither it was quite a wilder ness. Yet, with the aid of time, I have improved it.

I always repeated the excellent saying, 'Rome was not built in a day,' and in time I got on. I am a great gardener, Mr. Williams, and Julie there, is magnificently partakes in the taste which governs our little parterres. You shall see our improvements to-morrow. We do with our small means, what we can, sir. We cannot make the rich pines' you are aware 'of the noble's seat,' but even I am not altogether unacquainted with the application of the wonderfully sensible proverbs of your language."

"Very familiar you are, sir, with the whole language I am sure," said Williams.

"When I have perused my orchards, and trimmed my shrubs, and laid my turf to my mind, I perused the lively music, "I always find that Helena, my poor invalid here, has something within doors for my assistance; or my more active daughter, Julie, has some task for me, some pet flower to demand my protection. I am actually given up to these girls, Mr. Williams. Although you believe it, old—solitary even, I feel their father's joining in their little evening concerts. Sometimes, they usury my heart home to Germany, so fresh are the recollections they inspire."

"That must be delightful," said Williams, catching at the unintended hint was thrown out. "Could not the system be persuaded to with the souls of wanderers with their song to-night! Music, I think, I am sure is your passion."

"And this is my violin, certainly," said the happy old gentleman, arising to appear instructed which lay upon a middle-aged and bulky table. "I am but small command what we can do, my dear Mr. Williams," he added, drawing off the cover in great haste, "and you will excuse my deficiencies. What can I play him, and overs?—You can get no more from a cat than its skin." Ah! certainly I comprehend these little sayings."

He drew the bow over the strings in a flourishing prelude, suffered the notes to drop into soft tones, and finally let them fall into an air. Then he skimmed to his daughter's side, as she sat at the piano, raised the violin with a satisfied look of expectancy, and, with a smile to his countenance, commenced one of those well known old airs, to which Julie, with a sudden fit of quiet sympathy, and forbore to laugh.

"The morning of presentation over," continued Pembroke, after a moment's silence, "we were invited to partake the evening refreshments. The old man led the way into another apartment in which supper was laid. An ancient housekeeper was in attendance there, and, in obedience to some words addressed to her by her master, in a language which I did not then understand, she placed seats for us at the table. During supper our mutual interest into conversation was such, and, through his accent, I easily detected him to be a foreigner. He spoke English well, however, and his manner combined great kindness, and piancy, though in the former there was nothing unrefined, and in the latter, no imitation of servility. He seemed to be gentle, well bred, and kind hearted, and was, as he told us, a German. He had one great and all ruling fancy—It was to speak, and pronounce our language like a native, and especially with perfect command of all the proverbs and familiar sayings, which often puzzle foreigners so much. He drew from us so much of our respective family histories as was essential to present us favorably to him; and as he had once been slightly acquainted with the father of Wallace, he knew that his connections were good. This discovery unlocked his heart to us, and the flow of its kindness was thenceforward unrestrained.

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"Ah! yes—I think—I hope so. It has been always my ambition, since I have had the happiness to reside in your great country, to speak and write your language perfectly, and especially, sir, to master those familiar proverbs—those little sayings of the people, which so certainly show the genius of the language, and of the nation which has gradually created it."

"In our case, sir, it would seem that they should, then, illustrate the genius of another nation, which, though the origin of our race, differs from it in various characteristics. The English nation, which formed our language and its proverbs,—"

Pardon the interruption. When your characteristics cease to be the same (and this is very rarely the case. Men are much the same, in the main, everywhere—when your characteristics cease, you have begun to make proverbs for yourselves, and these do certainly, and curiously illustrate the difference which time and situation have made between you and the parent race."

"Indeed!—I was not aware."

"Ah! it is so. I assure you. And then some of your proverbs, too, begin to mark the local peculiarities."

"I did not know," said Williams, smiling, "that we possessed a saying of this kind, original with ourselves—and more particularly noting local peculiarities."

"Oh my good sir, I can assure you, yes," replied our host eagerly. "I get them everywhere. It was but the other day I had two carpenters at work in my grounds—Jules, to erect your frame. One of these gave to the other some trifling provocation. Immediately the retort was made, 'you, sir, are no gentleman.' To this the other, who is a good humored fellow, replied only with a laugh, and a proverb which I immediately set down upon my tablets. It is this. 'The jay trifled the 'peasun narrow face'!"

"It is impossible to give you, dear Mrs. Vere, any idea of the consternation of Wallace at this remarkable illustration of the turn the language was taking in our favor. Had he been at our rooms in college he would have laughed without restraint. As it was, he looked down, and the corners of his mouth quivered for several minutes."

"I think I have mastered those proverbs—though often they bewilder foreigners," said the old man, with the unswerving face of Williams, and listening to me with great self complacency.

"You have succeeded, sir, to admiration."

"Not so fast—not so fast, perhaps," returned the old man, pleased beyond the possibility of a firm contradiction of this compliment. "Yet I have done something—I have done something—yes, I confess I think that I have done something."

"And those ladies—your daughters," said Williams, fearing to trust himself to hear more of the old gentleman's proverbs, "are they our country women?—or are we doing homage to the charms of your native Germany?"

"My daughters are Americans," answered the father, with sparkling eyes. "Nor was their mother a German. We have lived in this mountain house, now almost alone in the world—the event of the domestic felicity which she first taught us."

"The old man looked a little sad for a moment, and then resuming his liveliness of speech and countenance, gave evidence that the happiness in question had entirely recovered from the shock which it must have sustained from the recital of her to whom he said he was indebted for it. The elder of his two daughters seemed to feel the allusion most deeply, and, with a deep sigh and green eyes of the younger. But this passed away, and more, after supper, we returned to the apartment into which we had entered at first introduced, we fell into gay and animated conversation. Will Jones was delighted with the character before him, and 'drew out' our host without restraint. The natural restraint will might be in it, for the simplicity and goodness of heart which he displayed, would have disarmed a darker and subtler spirit.

Williams complimented the tastefulness of his arrangements without doors, praised the fine trees, which we had observed as we approached the cottage, and dwelt with pleasure upon the view in front of finding shelter under the "green gloom" of these branches.

"Ah it is pretty, certainly," said the delighted German. "It is pretty now, gentlemen, but when I first came hither it was quite a wilder ness. Yet, with the aid of time, I have improved it.

I always repeated the excellent saying, 'Rome was not built in a day,' and in time I got on. I am a great gardener, Mr. Williams, and Julie there, is magnificently partakes in the taste which governs our little parterres. You shall see our improvements to-morrow. We do with our small means, what we can, sir. We cannot 'make the rich pines' you are aware 'of the noble's seat,' but even I am not altogether unacquainted with

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1840.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post has been removed to the South East corner of Chestnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at any time.

The Election Over.

The great political contest is now closed, so far as the result is concerned all interest is over. A few States have yet to cast their votes, but no alteration can be made. It is quite a relief to public journalists, who have been kept incessantly in hot water by the wishes and suspicions of subscribers, to be allowed once more to pursue a quiet life. As usual in such cases, each party can, per, not having one at stake in reference to the result, we are glad that the matter is settled. Our readers now may anticipate the usual variety of interesting and entertaining matter, instead of whole columns of figures which few possibly trouble themselves to understand. We shall continue, however, to furnish the votes of the different States as they reach us, as statistic matters, as public journalists should not pass so unnoticed, and we hope to see, something more beneficial, in the columns of our country brethren, than huge eagles, and the everlasting O. K.

We regret that the excitement making in this country, is made entirely too important. It keeps the whole community in a tumult for at least three out of every four years. It turns the business interests of the country to pieces, invades all the courtesies and honest charities of life, renders men suspicious of their best friends, increases the virulence of passions, and keeps those constantly inflamed in the bosoms of the multitude, and urges to the worst species of quarrelling, that of defiling the purity of the ballot-box, and even endangers the permanency of our free institutions. This is all wrong. It not to be supposed, that while virtue remains a controlling principle in the character of the American people, that any party, or any leaders, could be permitted to rise long enough above the people, to trample on their rights, hands, to remove, or to disgrace, and at a word, the nation is shattered or a party dissolved. In the very nature of things, we must expect parties to change places occasionally, and to dissolve and re-organize, and as far as, we look with the most perfect composure upon a song of his fellow-land." Forthwith she sang, in tones the sweetest that have ever blest our ear, a soft and varied melody, with the words of which we were not familiar. Mrs. Vere, which we heard just now from the opposite house."

"Expect!—certainly not. Nothing could be less probable. Yet the air set it in a flame at once, and it has wakened many recollections."

"Well—go on."

"The vampyre," continued Frankfort, "passed over in music and in spirit, and at a late hour Williams and I resigned ourselves to slumbers which were full of gay dreams, and which dissipated all our weariness. In the morning we descended to rooms the neatness of which struck us more than the simplicity of their furniture. Our host was welcomed by the good humor of his daughters. After breakfast, we yielded to an invitation to pass the day with them, and our new friend Julie and her sister, Helena, with us, assisted upon our making the tour of his very limited domain. Like Gaul, it was divided into three parts. In the first was the house, and that which the low white cottage was set like a pearl in the midst of emeralds—as no pearl certainly ever yet was set—and which included an extensive garden. Another portion was an orchard full of the finest fruit-trees, and the third division was a sort of paddock, well wooded, and green with rich grapes. Within this enclosure five or six cows, a stout pony and perhaps a dozen sheep were grazing. In a corner of the paddock, at a long low shed, we saw the old German homestead engaged in 'giving the young pegs their home.' Our host told us that he made no crops for market, that he possessed no land, and was dependent of the vicissitudes of agriculture—that he saved hay, and reared beets and turnips for his cattle—that he made his own wine, and that his old Marchioness supplied him with poultry, pigs, butter and cheese, and also with honey. Julie, who was present at this detail of our economists, and simple people, who cared nothing for luxuries. For his own share, he was extremely happy, and if Heinen were once again in health, and able to entertain with him on the hills and by the stream-sides, he could hardly ask for more. But the scene before us—that was the charming? Did not the paddock slope off to that broad and clear stream with a beautiful descent? could we not behold grain of rich sand upon a bed that which overgrazed it?—was not the orchard finely grown, and really kept?—and so for the charms of trees there, about the spring, were some not ornamental? He had a pretty dairy, too, he—he could see it to the right—and he had no lodged it with his cottage? It was positively a beautiful object. That stone bench, too, which frames over grown with creepers, and the curious little structures which rested on it and fronted the morning sun—could we guess what they were?—Matchless's bee hives! He had designed them himself. He confessed that he studied beauty in all his arrangements, and that, as to the bees, as Julie's garden, we should perhaps consider her not less devoted to 'effect' than himself. We fell into raptures with it all.

"Very fanciful pastures were filled with bulbous roots, which, at this season, were out of flower; with the bark of young trees, which furnished a rich and many colored covering to the dark soil. Arbors, thickly spread with grape-vines, honey-suckles, jessamines, and roses, were there: soft grass plots, now much mossed, budded with violets, and shadowed by fruit-trees, which, in the season—the original growth, which had been left standing in Matchless's first presence could add a beauty. These, and the view through the garden of the same clear brook which swept round the paddock, and which was here edged with turf, flowers, and mosses, together with the waving of full-leafed boughs in a softly circulating breeze, and the influence of a day half silver haze half sunshine, conveyed to our senses impressions of the realm of beautiful Julie, perfectly in harmony with those produced by her own career of loveliness. Williams said as much to her, in a tone of easy gallantry. But I, Mrs. Vere, felt it all so strongly, that for my life I could not have ever alluded to it."

"As I have foreseen," said Mrs. Vere, laughing.

Continued.

Sometimes Religion.—A splendid service of silver plate, consisting of seven pieces, richly chased, of massive appearance, and beautiful pattern, has just been completed at the silver manufactory of Messrs. R. & W. Wilson, at the corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets. From the inscription on each piece, we learn that it is a present to "Robert Gamble, of Williamsport, from the officers of the United States Army, serving in Middle Florida, 1839."

Massachusetts Election.

Returns have been received from all the towns in the State except thirteen. The Whig majority in the State is over 16,000

	1840.		1836.	
Counties.	Morton	Davis.	Morton	Everett.
Suffolk, complete	4490	1317	3472	3636
Essex, "	6654	4722	5737	4855
Norfolk "	4274	1999	4281	2811
Worcester, do.	6611	3660	6193	3973
Hampden, do.	3242	1693	2883	1810
Hampshire, com.	2737	2036	2884	2471
Berkshire, do.	3197	2139	3004	2475
Bristol, com.	5597	4079	4981	3393
Plymouth, do.	3227	2020	2981	1955
Barnstable, do.	1776	1107	1677	1107
Dukes, do.	1394	1016	1061	776
Nantucket, do.	1196	1196	1196	1196
	48,932	28,908	38,377	27,656
		19,024	10,721	

To be heard from, 3 towns in Middlesex, 3 in Berkshire, 3 in Barnstable, 3 in Dukes, and 1 in Nantucket. Total 13.

The majority for Parmenter, V. B. in the 4th Congressional District, is 81.

Members of Congress.—First District, R. C. Winthrop, Whig; 3d do. L. Saltonstall do. 5d do. C. Cushing, do. 6th do. Rantoul, Jr. 5th do. Lincoln, Whig; 6th do. Osmyn Baker, do. 7th do. W. S. Hastings, do. 10th do. probably N. B. Borden, do. 12th do. J. Q. Adams, do.

Illinois Election.

	President, 1840.		
	Harrison.	V. B.	
Champaign,	14		
Clarke,	69		
Edgar,	61		
Lawrence,	86		
Vermilion,	457		
Crawford,	92		
Wabash,	235		
Saugamon,	761		600
St. Clair,			
White,	166		
	1902		600
	1242		600
	660		
Whig maj.	1242		

Tennessee.

The following table contains all the counties yet heard from.

	President, 1840.		
	Harrison.	V. B.	
Davidson,	633		
Wilson,	1569		
Rutherford,	956		
Sumner,	1326		
Robertson,	317		
Sumner,			950
Sullivan,	307		1386
	4143		2336
	2336		
Whig maj	2239		

New York Election.

The returns from all the counties of New York show a large majority for the Harrison electoral ticket. The returns from all the counties are before us with the exception of Monroe, Niagara and Orleans, and to 10,340 for Gov. Seward. The majority in 1838 for the whig Governor, was 10,421.

The entire complexion of New York, in the present election, gave generally greater majorities for Mr. Van Buren than had been expected from the democratic party. On other hand, Gov. Seward has received a far larger majorities for Gen. Harrison.

Of the 37 Congressmen, the whigs have elected 19, and the Van Buren party 18.

The same difficulty pervades a part of the next majority in New York, as does in other states.

Virginia Election.

The returns from all the counties but five have been received. They show a majority so far, for Mr. Van Buren, of 364. A letter from Bath county, dated on Wednesday evening says, that in the counties but six are heard from, and that there was gain a majority in 1836, of 1900 for Mr. Van Buren.

Maine Election.

Conflicting accounts reach us daily from Maine, respecting the aggregate vote of that State. The Locofocos claim 5,000 majority, which is far from the truth. The whigs claim a majority of 10,000, which is far of 3000 votes. There are 30 towns yet to be heard from, but these, which, in September, a majority of 300 for Fairfield V. B.)

Georgia.

The vote for Harrison runs ahead of the late vote for whig Congressmen considerably. We have returns from 51 counties, which show a majority of almost 3000 votes.

As reports have been in circulation, that the Senatorial elections Ritner and Shultze were scratched from the ticket in many counties, we deem it proper to state, that a letter from Ritner received from Harrisburgh, from which we make the following extract

"I called upon the Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth this morning, and requested permission to examine the official returns. He (personally) declined it, as the Governor, to whom they ought first to be submitted, was out of town, and had not yet inspected them; but he assured me that the unclosed slip, printed at the Reporter office, was entirely correct, and that there was not twenty votes difference between any of the candidates on the Harrison, or on the Van Buren tickets. The whole, therefore, of the Harrison ticket is elected.

Table of the Official Returns of the Presidential Election in 1836, and for Members of Congress and Governor in 1838 and 1840.

	CONGRESS.		PRESIDENT.		PRESIDENT.
	Oct. 12, 1836.		Oct. 30, 1836.		Nov. 3, 1840.
	V. B.		V. B.		V. B.
Adams,	4,139		4,139	1,908	1,908
Allegheny,	7,991	7,287	7,991	7,287	7,287
Armstrong,	2,247	2,241	2,241	2,139	2,057
Beaver,	1,997	1,997	1,997	1,997	1,997
Bedford,	3,611	3,611	3,611	3,611	3,611
Berks,	8,411	8,411	8,411	8,411	8,411
Bradford,	1,972	1,976	1,980	1,984	1,990
Bucks,	3,951	3,951	3,951	3,951	3,951
Butler,	1,946	1,961	1,947	1,932	1,964
Cambria,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Carbon,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Centre,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Chester,	5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
Clearfield,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Clinton,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Columbia,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Crawford,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Cumberland,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Dauphin,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Delaware,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Elk,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Erie,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Fayette,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Franklin,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Fulton,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Greene,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Huntingdon,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Indiana,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Jefferson,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Juniata,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Lancaster,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Lawrence,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Lebanon,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Lehigh,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Luzerne,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Lycoming,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
M'Kean,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Mercer,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Mifflin,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Monroe,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Montgomery,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Northampton,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Northumberland,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Perry,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Philadelphia,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Pike,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Potter,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Schuylkill,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Somerset,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Susquehanna,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Tioga,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Union,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Venango,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Warren,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Washington,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Wayne,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Westmoreland,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
York,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Total					
Van Buren majority Nov. 4, 1836,					
Harrison majority Oct. 12, 1838,					
Harrison majority Oct. 30th, 1838,					
Harrison majority Nov. 3, 1840,					
Harrison's vote in 1836,					
Increased vote in 1840,					

Delaware.

The election in Delaware occurred on Tuesday. In the city of Wilmington, the majority was 49, and in the whole of New Castle county, 122.

Louisiana.

	Elections.		
	Harr. maj.	V. B. maj.	
Brandywine Hundred,			
Wilmington,	49		
Mill Creek,	41		
White Clay Creek,		24	
New Castle,	64		
Red Lion,	36		
St. George's,	40		
Appoquinimink,	37		
	131	113	
	113		
Whig majority,	18		
Every county, it is said, has gone for the Whigs. The two United States Senators will of course be Whig.

Massachusetts Election.

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Clearfield,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Clinton,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Columbia,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Crawford,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Cumberland,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Dauphin,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Delaware,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Elk,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Erie,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Fayette,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Franklin,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Fulton,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Greene,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
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Lebanon,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Lehigh,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Luzerne,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Lycoming,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
M'Kean,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Mercer,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Mifflin,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Monroe,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Montgomery,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GP L. TOMLINSON for the State of Maryland.

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GP J. INGLIS, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

GP ALFRED BALLINGER, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

Financial Record.

Treasury Notes.

We learn from the Secretary of the Treasury that the amount of Treasury notes issued under the special act of Congress authorizing the same is $12,467,096 29 of that amount there has been re-

deemed,	19,333,444 32
Leaving outstanding.	$353,641 90
Amount loaned under act of 31st of March, 1840,	$6,988,093 24
Of that issue there has been redeemed,	857,224 29
Leaving of that issue outstanding,	4,130,538 95
Aggregate outstanding,	$4,564,000 95

Accompanying the above is a statement of notes issued from the treasury under the authority of the act of the 31st of March, 1840, since the 1st July last, compared in compliance with a resolution of both Houses. By this it appears that the aggregate issue is as above stated. $5,000,063 24, and of that amount $857,224 29 are in interest of 1 per cent, $1,395,792 22 bear an interest of 5 per cent, and $3,136,000 an interest of 5 1-2 per cent. Of the two per cent issues during the same period, $1,395,792 have been redeemed—of the 5 per cent issues, $71,350—and of the 5 1-2 5 per cent $300,000.

Bank of the Northern Liberties. The letter A, by no S. Starr, dated July 4, 1840, printed with pale ink of a jobbed type. R. L. Pifield, Cash; J. Knight, Pres't. Miserably engraved.

Bank of Wilmington & Brandywine. In letter B, pay to Betts, dated March 30, 1840. The vignette is very poorly engraved; resembling a badly executed wood-cut.

Butchers' & Drovers' Bank, New York. 10s spurious; these notes do not resemble the genuine notes in the least. The Vignette of the counterfeit represents a steamboat, with the name of Yalton on the sail reversed. The letter C is spurious has the word "Ten" extending across it. The left end a trifle of care. These will suffice to detect the bill—*Sentinel*.

THE LOAN.—The Journal of Commerce states that the matter of the negociation of a loan by the Philadelphia banks has been finally settled, and that the Boston Banks, without giving any answer to the request, will let Providence banks what they will do in the premises.

Georgia.

Gov. M'Donald, in his message to the Georgia Legislature, recommends "that a day be fixed for the resumption of specie payments, allowing the banks a reasonable time to prepare for it, and that such penalties be annexed to their refusal as will insure their compliance."

Resumption.

It is now generally conceded, that a resumption of specie payments by the Banks of Philadelphia, will take place on the first of January next. This is gratifying to the community, and business will be in a great degree restored.

AFFAIRS OF THE BANK OF KENTUCKY.—A circular dated 25th ult. from the officers and directors of the bank, gives a statement of its actual condition, and explanations concerning the forged certificates of stock issued by them, for the benefit of the Real Estate Bank in Philadelphia. It results from investigation, that near 12,000 shares of this spurious stock had been issued—of which 847 have been surrendered—and by the party with whom they were placed. A person for issuing and disseminating between the forged and the stock, is in progress, which, it is believed will completely succeed.

ANOTHER COUNTERFEIT.—A new dollar counterfeit note of the Bank of Wilmington and Brandywine is shown to us on Friday. The engraving is very heavy and wretchedly executed. It is calculated to deceive at night. It is dated March 30, 1840. letter B, payable to Mr. Betts, and signed L. W Sparks. Cashier and Wm. Seal, President. The vignette would be very cautious in receiving any notes of a less denomination than five dollars, as a large proportion of those in circulation are spurious.—*Inquirer*.

INGERSOLL.—The Dutchess Whaling Company, of New York, have declared a dividend of 20 per cent.—*private Journal*.

A Regal Conflagration.

The *Empress* and the *Monarch*, says the N. O. Pic. of the 20th, two splendid boats, were destroyed by fire on board by fire upon the river early yesterday morning. The Empress was up for St. Louis, and would have left as soon as the cargo was on board. The fire was first seen about which prevailed at that time. Between three and four o'clock yesterday morning she was discovered to be on fire, but the rapidity of the progress of the flames that all efforts to check the conflagration proved unavailing. The boat was completely ruined by the heat, and her presence placing the other boats in imminent danger, she was at length cut loose and landed in front of the levee above. The produced a singularly novel and magnificent spectacle for those who left their beds and sought the levee at the sound of the fire bells. The blaze was best, one sheet of flame from stem to stern, fell off into the current, illuminating the vessels and houses along the levee, exposing a broad sheet of water and the sky and lighting the deep Mississippi with the long, quivering reflection of the flames.

She floated almost directly across the river, touching the opposite shore at Slaughterhouse Point, and commencing to sink. Her hull was filled with the steerage at the ship yard, undergoing repairs. Both the steamed vessels were from here towed out into the stream by a tug boat, and there sunk. The *Empress* they floated down the river, and the two hulks sank in fifteen feet water some six or seven miles below the city.

The *Empress* was owned principally in Frankfort, Ky.; and partly in St. Louis. She was commanded by Capt. Bacon, who never left the blazing vessel until she was cast loose by the ferry boat and actually sinking. It is reported that the *Empress* might have been quenched on this side, but the rail to the adjoining boats was so great that the engines could not have long. The loss of boat and cargo, which was principally salt, is estimated at $30,000.

The Monarch was valued at $40,000, upon which there was insurance to the amount of $30,000."

A SLAVER BURNT.—The following unpublished translation is from the New York Signal by Perry Hunter Smalley, of an engineer on the Mediterranean, to D'Herbelot, is from the last number of the London Sporting Review:—

Redonne is my native place,
And, I must say, in praise of it,
It to-day, for its ugly face.
What must body seem of it
Its children must go old men
In vices and sinkly;
And they reflect the below again.
In exposure stupidly.

City News.

HORRID MURDER.—On Saturday morning a murder of a most horrid, barbarous and brutal character was perpetrated upon the person of an old farmer, named William Hope, on the Durham Road, about a mile from Grey's Ferry Bridge. The deceased resided on his farm in the neighborhood, was a bachelor 63 years of age and lived by himself. He was found in his own farm yard this side, with two large cuts on the forehead and one large gash on the back part of his head. Two heavy axes that had no doubt been used in the perpetration of the deed were discovered under his head covered with blood. The deceased was reputed to be rich and was always known to carry about his person considerable sum of money, which was the object of the ruffians who murdered him. The murder of the deceased was also gone. The coroner was sent for and held an inquest upon the body. Verdict of the jury —— Wilful murder.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On Monday morning, a few minutes previous to the starting of the steamboat New Philadelphia, from Chestnut street wharf for Bordentown, an elderly gentleman, named Devlin, from New York, who had engaged passage for himself and two ladies to return home, suddenly fell prostrate upon the floor of the boat and expired almost immediately. The deceased was the father of Robert Newlin, Jr. of the firm of Abbott and Newlin, brewers, in Second above New Arch, and has not yet got perfect from his son, at whose house he had been on a visit of a few days. Had not the unfortunate event of his death occurred in his father's house. His body was removed to his son's residence, No. 20 Race street, where an inquest was held by the Coroner. Verdict of the jury —Death from apoplexy."

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The Committee on the Washington Monument announce to the public that the Ball Hill Iron Works, Baltimore, are the model of an Equestrian Statue, which is now exhibiting at the Hall of Independence, is, along with the model executed by Ferdinand Pettrich, and with several other designs for the same object. We would particularly call the attention of the readers of the Saturday Post to the model of the Ball Hill Iron Works, as it is decidedly—a chaste, classic, spirited, and intellectual, conception. In our poor judgment it is far beyond all competition in all the essential attributes of taste, harmony, elegance and appropriateness. Go, reader, and see both, and we conclude you will agree with us.

CITY COUNCILS.—Councils met on Thursday night last. In the Select among other things a communication was received from Edward Shoemaker, Esq. City Solicitor, giving his opinion that Messrs. Wm. Gray & Son brought an action against the city, for an alleged violation of their contract for the erection of the Girard Row on city property, submitted "an Ordinance to authorize the American Philosophical Society to erect an observatory on Hickorytown square," which was read twice, and ordered to be prepared for a third reading by a vote of 7 to 5.

INTERMARRIES.—A hero belonging to George Peiler of Lancaster county was recently consumed by fire on Saturday afternoon last. On Tuesday morning, two lovers named John Reed and David Childs, were arrested on a charge of setting fire to the building They were taken before Alderman Clarke, of Kensington, and fully committed for trial at the Oyer and Terminer.

TRIAL OF DR. ELDRIDGE.—The case of Dr. Eldridge was opened on Monday. The Letter on Insanity, also being closed and the counsel having concluded their arguments, Judge Conrad proceeded to charge the jury, which occupied a large portion of an hour and a half in the delivery, and was listened to with the greatest attention. The jury then retired to deliberate upon their verdict.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—The coroner held an inquest on Saturday afternoon last, on the body of a female about seventeen years of age, found in the river above Shippen, upon the body or a colored man, name unknown, who had come into the house and asked permission to sleep there, which he could be taken to the Alms House. In about a half an hour afterwards he was found in a bowling saloon, quite dead. Verdict of the jury—Death by the visitation of God.

BRUTAL ASSAULT AND PROBABLE DEATH.—Aid. Redden on Tuesday evening committed to Moyamensing prison, Thomas Hughes, charged with the brutal and almost unprovoked assault upon another colored man named William Beck, who it was thought could not recover. The affair took place on Monday evening last, took place in the open street in the lower part of the city.

DRIVING HORSES.—We heard of a man lately going about South-wark leaving at every door a couple of packages of tea, and the card of a tea-store, inducing the people to buy of him, and when the tea was used, when he returned in about a month. No charge to be made for a "drawing" or us to test its quality. Some have got into the trap.

CONVICT AT LARGE.—William E. Hardewicke, under sentence in Moyamensing for larceny, made his escape from the prison wall of the east side of the yard at noon, while the keepers were at dinner. He had on his prison dress and a tarpaulin hat. He was engaged in attending to the female department when left by the keepers.

ANOTHER.—The convict was called on Thursday morning to answer to the bill of indictment, but was not to be found. Verdict—Found drowned, cause unknown.

General News.

RESIGNATION OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—In the Legislature of Rhode Island on Wednesday last, a message was received from the Governor presenting the resignation of Commissioner of the Rhode Island Boundary, and the appointment of Hon. Thomas Wallar Jones, of this city, accompanied by a resolution passed by the Legislature of the State of Louisiana, protesting against exclusive legislation by Congress for and over the District. With the above was also received a letter from Mr. Jones's communication, declining the appointment of Commissioner of the District of Columbia, to which he was appointed by the Governor of Rhode Island, and sends in about five hundred miles below Louisville, and sends in about five feet water. A ten horse boat is now on board. She had a full cargo on board destined for New Orleans.

SUICIDE.—A German musician named Stephake, committed suicide on Monday by taking arsenic. Attempts were made to save him, but in vain. The cause of the act was melancholy at the loss of his wife.

DEATHS IN BALTIMORE.—Report of interments in the city of Baltimore for the last week, ending March 28th, 1840, 1 white male between the years of 5 and 10, 1 white male between 30 and 40 years of age, 1 white female between 5 and 10 years of age, 1 white female between 10 and 20 years of age, 1 white female between 20 and 30 years of age, 1 white female between 30 and 40 years of age, 1 white female between 40 and

THE OLIO.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Death of Pizarro.

The history of no country on record contains so much cruelty and waste of blood, as that of Mexico. The most conspicuous and tyrannical of the conquerors of this people, was the name of Pizarro and Cortes.—names that will ever be looked upon by humane and benevolent minds, with disgust and horror. The first was followed by the simple and innocent nation of South America, with unsuspecting friendship, and requited it by deceit and treachery. Thousands were sacrificed to their ambition, and millions enslaved to satiate their avaricious passion.

Soon after the death of Diego Almagro, who had been imprisoned, condemned, and executed by the Pizarros, a conspiracy was engaged in by his son, and friends of Almagro, to dispose of Francisco Pizarro of the government of Peru. The many acts of injustice and death practised by him and his brothers, rendered them obnoxious to all but their own followers and adherents. A conspiracy, at that time, and in the then quiet state of the province, was a matter to be much thought of, and it was acted upon; and many months, therefore, elapsed, after the death of Almagro, before their plans were fully developed, or their malignant intentions fully matured for undertaking. The warm attachment, which every person, who had served under the elder Almagro, felt for him, and his great personal virtues, transferred to the son, who had been trained to the use of arms, and was possessed of those qualities which would ensure success, and gain the affection of soldiers. After the death of his father, the governor considered himself the undisputed possessor of that rich and beautiful province, and proceeded to punish all those who dared divide it with him, previous to the total exclusion of the followers of Almagro,—among whom were many of the original Spanish adventurers, whose toils and perseverance Pizarro was much indebted for his success. These murmured in secret, and meditated revenge, and great numbers of them repaired to him, where the palace of the youthful Almagro was ever open for their reception, and a share of his slender fortune their constant attendance. Bold, generous, acquainted with all military exercises, he seemed born to command, and the disappointed men looked upon him as their future commander, and him the commander in the projected revolt. This was accepted without hesitation. Almagro thirsted to revenge the murder of his father, and the present was an opportunity not to be lost. Their plans were conducted with so much caution, that it was not until a short time previous to the day appointed for carrying them into operation, that their rebels were suspected. When Pizarro was informed of a suspicion of the kind by his half brother Alcantara carelessly replied,

"Be not afraid about my life; it is perfectly safe, as long as every man in Peru knows that I can put him to death in a moment, who dare to harbor a thought against it."

This false security gave the leaders of the conspiracy full time to digest and open their plans: and one John de Heurada was appointed the captain of the party who were to attack the palace, bring to the alarm of each sibility, and who had been the intimate friend of the elder Almagro, and the protector of his son. It was finally agreed that the attack should be made on the following Sunday.

On the 26th of June, 1546, whilst all those not engaged in the conspiracy were holding parties at their country of their homes, from the oppressive heat of the day; and as the noonday gun was fired from the fort in the harbor, de Heurada, at the head of a body of armed men issued from his palace with weapons and drawing their swords rushed into the gates of the palace, shouting,

"Long live the young Prince! Long live the Emperor Charles! Long live Almagro!"

The servants of the palace had mostly retired to their apartments, and the few who remained with friends were sitting at the table over their wine: the only obstacle they had to encounter was the guard at the door, who had been placed at the foot of the stairs, leading to the banqueting hall: as they advanced, he fired his pistonel, and would have discovered that the conspiracy existed, but instead the lodgings at such an easy rate, arguing that when he was seen to have set his mind upon the thing, he should have been at the expense of double or treble the usual terms, and that, in exspectation of his pressed forward, Mr. Swivel of the sentinel was slain. Pizarro, who had heard the report of Mr. Rose, nor the dissatisfaction of Miss Sally, wrought any impression upon that young gentleman, who, throwing the responsibility of this and all other bills, and needs dwell after to be done by him, upon his unlucky dentary, was quite resigned and comfortable; fully persuaded that the next, and philosophically indifferent to the best.

"Good morning, Mr. Richard," said Rose, on the second day of Mr. Swivelle's thinking, "Sally found you a secondhand stool, sir, yester day evening, in White-chapel. She's a rare lid- ers at a bargain, I can tell you. Mr. Richard. You'll find that a first-rate stool, sir, take my word for it."

"It's rather a crazy one to look at," said Dick.

"You'll find it a most amazing stool to sit down upon, you may depend," returned Mr. Rose. "It was bought in the open street, just opposite Astley's Theatre, and it has been a precious deal a month or two, it has got rather dusty and a little brown from being in the sun, that's all."

"I hope it don't fall to pieces with anything of that sort in it," said Dick, sitting himself down discontinuedly, between Mr. Sampson and Mr. Rose, on the stool, "One of the legs is longer than the others."

"Then we got a bit of lumber in, sir," retorted Rose, with a wink, "We got a bit of lumber in, sir, and that's another advantage of my sister's going to market for us. Miss Brass, Mr. Richard!"

"Will you keep quiet!" interrupted the fair subject of these remarks, looking up from her work, "How can I to work if you keep on chattering!"

"What an uncertain chap you are!" returned the lawyer. "Sometimes you're all for a chat, and sometimes you're all for work. A man never knows what humor he'll find you in."

"I'm in a working humor now," said Miss Sally, "or else I don't distant to be one, I'm sure, don't take him," Miss Sally pointed with the feather of her pen to Richard, "off his business. He won't do much more than he can help, I'll be bound."

Mr. Brass had evidently a strong inclination to make an angry reply, but was deterred by prudent or timid considerations of the like nature as the terance of his foes,—a second rush, and his tail is still dead at his feet,—again the shout rolled through the house, and Mr. Brass, with a loud yell, leaped into the closet over powering all resistance by their numbers. Pizarro, overcome with exertion, was unarmed by the loss of blood, fell to the ground pierced by the sword of Almagro. They had scarcely completed their bloody victory ere the cry of "Long live Almagro!" resounded through the city to the people, but it sounded as the death-knell of Pizarro.

A yell of triumph burst from the band, as rushing into the street with their bloody swords waving in the air, they hastened downward to the Grand Square, where the principal citizens and magistrates of the town were assembled; and compelled them to acknowledge him as governor of Peru.

The palace of Pizarro, and the houses of most of his adherents were indiscriminately pillaged; and they and the satisfaction of being avenged on their enemies, and by offering themselves by the sponse of that through whom hands all the wealth of Peru had passed.

The rebellion against the government of Pizarro lasted but a few months, at the end of which period De Castro returned from Spain whither he had fled after his escape from the tumult of the banquet hall, and brought with him a royal commission from the Emperor Charles, constituting him governor and successor of Pizarro. His authority was acknowledged by many of the lieutenant governors of the province, and at the head of a large body of troops marched to quell upon a give audience to the rebels at Cuzco. Vaca de Castro after a bloody battle, gained a complete victory over him, slaying two-thirds of his army, and forcing the remainder to seek safety in flight. On condition of pardon, several of his officers, who escaped with him, surrendered him up to De Castro; and he was beheaded a few days after his betrayal. With him died the spirit of the rebellion, and the name of Almagro became extinct in Peru.

Home Thoughts.

BY R. S. SWIFT.

I may not break the potent spell
The beauty weave around me,
Till time shall loose the silver strand
That long to earth hath bound me.
I see thee smile on loftier scenes,
And ponder core caress thee;
Yet when my fate would ope to curse,
They only ope to bless thee!

A storm (our's hark on ocean wide,
No guiding hand to steer me,
I rode upon the darkling tide,
No second hope to cheer me;
Till then, the fair and radiant light,
With true and holy meaning,
High o'er the dross of earth to me
Were like a beacon gleaming.

The one, one star upon my sky,
That measured out my being,
Flash'd like a meteor forth—the visit
In deeper midnight shrouding,
Yet blessed I the inconstant light,
That passed, when traveling,
Where wildly o'er the midnight wave
My anchorless'd prow was speeding.

One memory round me, every where,
One task in silence set me—
The ever ever thinking on
And striving to forget thee!
And though for ayes the grading thought
To madness doth o'erpower me,
I may not curse—I cannot hate—
My heart still whispers, "Mine thee."

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

Mr. Brass on returning home received the report of his clerk with much complacency and self-satisfaction, and was particularly delighted with the ten-pound note, which proving on examination to be a good and lawful note of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, increased his good-humor considerably. Indeed he so overflowed with liberality and condescension, that he could not refrain from asking Mr. Swiveller to partake of a bowl of punchwith him at that remote and indefinite period, which as currently demonstrated to one of these days," and paid him many handsome compliments on the uncommon aptitude for business, which his conduct on the first day of his detention to it had plainly evinced.

It was a maxim with Mr. Brass that the habit of paying compliments kept a man's tongue oiled without any expense: and, as that useful member ought never to grow rusty or creak in turning on its hinges in the case of a practitioner of the law, in which it should be always glib and easy, he lost few opportunities of improving himself by the utterance of handsome speeches and complaisant expressions. And this bad power into such a habit with him, that, if he could not be correctly said to have his tongue at his fingers' ends, he might certainly be said to have it always where but in his face; which, being, as we have already seen, of a harsh and repulsive character, was not used so easily, but frowned upon and forbidden speeches: one of nature's beacons, warning off those who navigated the shoals and breakers of the World, or of that dangerous strait the Law, and accordingly, they kept at a safe and cautious harbors and try their fortune elsewhere.

While Mr. Brass by turns overwhelmed his clerk with compliments, and inspected the ten-pound note, Miss Sally showed little emotion and that of no pleasurable kind, for as the tendency of her legal practice had been to make her familiar with the stairs, leading to the banqueting hall: accompanied her husband to the Counter, and sharpen her natural wisdom, she was not a little disconcerted that the gentleman whom she had raised the lodgings at such an easy rate, arguing that when he was seen to have set his mind upon the thing, he should have been at the expense of double or treble the usual terms, and that, in exspectation of his pressed forward, Mr. Swivel of the sentinel was slain. Pizarro, who had heard the report of Mr. Rose, nor the dissatisfaction of Miss Sally, wrought any impression upon that young gentleman, who, throwing the responsibility of this and all other bills, and needs dwell after to be done by him, upon his unlucky dentary, was quite resigned and comfortable; fully persuaded that the next, and philosophically indifferent to the best.

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THE OLIO.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A Lover's Soliloquy—By the Pic Nic.

BY A. MARTIN, ESQUIRE.

How happy the Lumber—to convene he knows!
Too lazy to care for his friends or his foes.
No fear of a change can his pleasures allay,
For to-morrow he knows will be passed as to-day.

Too lazy to Love—to woo' desire of the gods,
Nor is troubled at heart by bloss-oms, or dark curls:
Just sensibly sensi-quared keeps loafing along,
How happy the lumber his unvexing song.

Too lazy to think, he never bothers his pate
With affairs of religion or interests of State;
Twixt eating and drinking his days are all spent,
And heaven indulgent lets made him content.

Of late the monster's in order rode Beaconsfield,
And October interested repair to the member of May.
He labor in only his carcase to move
From his bed to his meat, and close as a torch to the stove.

There reason did Nature may believe in vain,
And the trumpet of reason burst over the plain,
Planted not near the chimney to stifle or freeze,
He pulls his Procrique and leads at his ease,
Carlisle: Oct. 28th, 1840.

"How Ma, Sir, Mrs Pim!"—In these days, when the distinctions of the poor and the rich are made such frantic topics of discussion, it may be well to record the silent effect of an honest genius, who, though he may have held himself open to the charge of having borrowed a part of his phrenology, is certainly unsurpassed in the praises of his ideas. Becoming warm with his subject, he remarked, "Behold the poor man! sitting under the unbrageous shadow of a shady oak, at whose feet is running the babbling brook, calling aloud to him his wife and the rest of his children, and pointing out to them the Conversation of the Great Bear and the other constellations, developing to its own satis-tree. Such is the state of the poor man!"

VERY APPROVING.—A sentimental youth having seen a young gentleman shedding tears over something in her lap, took the first opportunity to be introduced to her; and made no doubt that she was a compassi spirit.

"What could it be that affected you so much, the other morning?" I saw you shed a great many tears, was it Balwer's last?"

"I don't know Balwer's last, sir," returned she, "but I assure you that I was doing a job which always affects me. I was peeling onions."

THE FALL FASHIONS.—A fellow who had stood too much brandy with his water was yesterday "navigating" up Canal street, he lost his equilibrium two or three times and toppled over.

"How unbecoming in that," said one who saw him—"how very unbecoming for any person laying claim to respectability."

"Not so very unbecoming at that season of the year," said another, "dont you see it's the fall fashion."

EXTRICATING.—A working man recently fell from a building near Queen Victoria, and was crushed to death in her sight. The London Globe says of the—" we are happy to state that though her majesty was much alarmed and excited, no permanent injury to her majesty's health is likely to result." This is like the lady whose leg dog bit a piece, and ran off with a mouthful—"Poor, dear little thing," said its mistress, "I hope it will not make it sick!"

ATTENTION THE FAIR!—The following toast was drunk at the dinner of the "Bachelor" Club at the U. S. Hotel, the 6th of July, at Rochester. *The Ladies.*—Constantly invading our territory and inducing desertions from our ranks: May every member of "our club" be on the alert to take the fair culprits and bring them to trial; and when they come to court may they join issue and never be nonsuited.

NECESSARY ADVICE.—A country gentleman, who fills every station necessary to constitute him "the head of the village," and who has taken some pains to instruct the rustic inhabitants in the proper signs of respect due to him, being lately on a horse somewhat given to sky, and observing a lad walking before him, called out, "Hey don't take off your hat." The youth turning his head, very innocently answered, "I won't a gone to, sir."

THE LAST.—" Hallo, Smoke—where are you going?"

"I'm going to see the mermaid."

"Mermaid!—where!—I should like to see one of such a curiosity in the city."

"Well—come along with me to the City Hall. They are going to make Samuel Brady mayor of the city, and we shall see a mayor made."

STARTING TO IT.—An Irishman from the bogs, having to put a letter on board a vessel, arrived too late, for the barge had put off for the vessel with a tall sail; the Irishman ran along the shore and kept up with the boat. As it was going to weather the point, they lowered sail; the fellow being nearly exhausted, gave up the chase, cry. ing, "Arrah, honey! *you're going to stop at it, the divil himself can't catch you!*"

AN EXCUSE.—MISFORTUNE was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired MISFORTUNE, "that a busy fellow like you is employed?"—"Ah!" answered, said a the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did not know how lazy I am." The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected that MISFORTUNE gave the varlet a piece of silver.

THE CONTRABTERS.—Some brisk girls on being interrogated by a sober man respecting their religious tenets, replied they were Covenanters.

"Indeed!" cried he: "I did not know we had any such among us."

"We mean the marriage covenant," replied they," we are all in favor of that."

GIVING TO SERVANTS.

If you're sleepy at a friend's end of town,
We give Sally sixpence, Thomas a crown—
To Sally we sometimes give double . . .
But thankful gives nothing." " You're wrong, though
Speaking fallen servants, by deserving his purse,
He gives to them all—many of friends."

DEFINITIONS.—While a philosophical lecturer was describing the nature of gas, a lady inquired of a gentleman what he meant by carbon and hydro-gen? or what was the difference in gas? "My dear madam," said he, "by say-gas, we mean pure gas, and by hydro-gas, we mean gas and water."

A LOSE BILL.—A traveller stopped at a certain inn to dine. When the bill was brought (which by the way was lengthy) Mr. Host was asked his name. "Partridge, sir, replied the landlord. I, ought to have been Woodcock by the length of your bill.

QUALIFIED ASSUR.—"I wish to know, sir, if you called me an ass." "YES, sir, but I qualified it." "How did you qualified it, did you? The better for you, sir; and pray how did you qualify it?" "I said you were an ass, sir—all but the ears."

A DANDY HEIR.—"No one would take you to be what you are," said an old fashioned gentleman a day or two ago to a dandy who had more hair than brains—"Why?" was the incredulous reply, "Because they can't see your ears?"

THE LAST BOAST.—" I have drank a gallon of beer daily for the last thirty years," was the boast of a drinker, "and I never was in better health than at this moment." The next day a fit of apoplexy laid him dead in a ditch.

FRANTIC SCHEME.—A western editor says, that if his subscribers don't settle up their dues, he will issue a blank sheet, and then despire them of the benefits of the press. He might as well, for his subscribers would love nothing by it.

The Broken Heart.

"Her heart was broken."

From a shell grotto whose slope kissed the summer sea, whose twining willows and laburnum were waving like a stately plume, issued a voice of such gentle sweetness, you might have thought a spirit's breath was on the air, murmuring soft music to the flowerets bell. The young girl seemed to hang her blushing head, with the tears of morning, as she heard it, and the stately lily had a cheek more pale, while she who spoke looked like a patron saint.

"Again for sun then shinest in unclouded splendor! again are thy soft, bright beams glowing on the bosom of a cold, unfeeling world! The mid-day; a thousand birds are on the wing, and nature looks her loveliest. Yesterday, too, was fair; but it hath passed away into the great abyss of nothingness. And what will be to-day? Another speck upon the memory of man; another atom on the scale of time. So trevele on the world, with hope, fear, and sorrow in the train, urging to the same haven those clinging to a bright and smiling fortune; or others who would gladly lay down their load of life, and calmly sleep for ever.

"My eye is dim; my cheek is worn with watching; these long nights of misery have left a ghastly, that the poor tide of life is almost chilled, and this deceptive hue of health, this mockery of bloom, is glowing from the heart's decay. Kind ones would have me mingle with the world: I share its delusive joys: be once again the victim of its hopes and fears; they wonder that I am so solitude. Did they know all—oh! could they see the tempest raging here! then would they learn a holier truth; learn how slow and silently the heart can break!"

There she sat: but for the wild and restless eye, she looked of surpassing beauty. The bright tint on her cheek had faded: one small white hand was pressed above her forehead, and severed the fair hair that sparkled in the sun-like threads of purest gold. A tear had fallen unbeknown to her, in the straining eye, and rested on a faded flower within her bosom: the withered buds were a sad emblem of herself: once fresh and fair as they had been, but now for ever blighted. A merry peal from the village bells burst forth, and seemed to shatter every nerve. She started, looked wildly around, and a fair girl, in childish glee, broke heedlessly on her solitude.

"Eleanor, answer me, my sweet sister! look cheerful, Helen! Know you not what day it is? The first of May. The guests are come, and you must be our chiefest queen: the village girls have wreathed the fairest flowers of spring: twined a chaplet of carnia's loveliest for thy head, and, hark ye, Helen, there are presents for us: May-day presents: Mamma has a scarf of blue, embroidered for me with flowers of gold: and *such* a wreath: the lotus and the lily clasped here and there with buds of purest pearl! And papa has a present for you, Helen! Our cousin's picture, and a bridal chaplet: clusters of brown blossom for your hair; but, the picture—"

"Is it like him, Alice?"

"His living image; he himself has sent it."

"Then I am not forgotten."

It was a sweet delusion! Sometimes the simplest sound, the very staring of a leaf upon the soft breeze, when the heart is feeding on its own deep store, will not awake a thousand fonts: from the effects of TEETHING. Will mothers not regard the following? Will they not try the only safe and certain remedy? Will they not procure a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, which is to be found in DR. PARIS' CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE, No. 8 Ann street, New York, and at the principal agents of medicines and names are there that have the certificates of the most respectable persons in the city of New York, who have used it in their families with unbounded success. The Syrup should always be kept in every nursery where there are children cutting their teeth. It relieves the child from pain, and the mother from anxiety, and produces quiet nights for the mother and rest to the child, besides being pleasant to the taste, and perfectly harmless in all cases. Mothers, try it! Don't let your children suffer as they have done, when a remedy is at hand which will relieve them. Be sure and call for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, and take no other. Price only 25 cents a bottle. Sold by DR. PARIS at his store at the bottom and the following agents: Brooklyn, Mr. Hall, 3 Fulton street; Jersey City, there is a respectable institution on the market pal up in the city